



Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse,
In stede of good and worthinesse.
for thou shalt trumpe al the contraire
Of that they han don wel or faire.

A HAS! thoughte I, what adventures
Han these sory creatures!
for they, amonges al the pres,
Shul thus be shamed gilteles!
But what! hit moste nedes be.

WHAT did this Eolus, but he
Tok out his blakke trumpe of bras,
That fouler than the devil was,
And gan this trumpe for to blowe,
As al the world shulde overthrowe;
That throughout every regioun
Wente this foule trumpes soun,
As swift as pelet out of gonne,
Whan fyr is in the poudre ronne.
And swiche a smoke gan out/wende
Out of his foule trumpes ende,
Blak, blo, grenish, swartish reed,
As doth wher that men melte leed,
Lo, al on high fro the tuel!
And therto oo thing saugh I wel,
That, the ferther that hit ran,
The gretter wexen hit began,
As doth the river from a welle,
And hit stank as the pit of helle.

Alas, thus was hir shame yronge,
And gilteles, on every tonge.

WHOO com the thridde companye,
And gunne up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fille anon,
And seyde: We ben everichon
folk that han ful trewely
Deserved fame right fully,
And praye yow, hit mot be knowe,
Right as hit is, and forth yblowe.

I graunte, quod she, for me list
That now your gode werk be wist;
And yit ye shul han better loos,
Right in dispyt of alle your foos,
Than worthy is; and that anon:
Lat now, quod she, thy trumpe goon,
Thou Eolus, that is so blak;
And out thyn other trumpe tak
That highte Laude, and blow hit so
That through the world hir fame go
Al esely, and not to faste,
That hit be knowen atte laste.

AL gladly, lady myn, he seyde;
And out his trumpe of golde he
brayde
Anon, and sette hit to his mouthe,
And blew hit est, and west, and southe,
And north, as loude as any thunder,

That every wight hadde of hit wonder,
So brode hit ran, or than hit stente.
And, certes, al the breeth that wente
Out of his trumpes mouthe smelde
As men a potful bawme helde
Among a basket ful of roses.
This favour diide he til her loses.

AND right with this I gan aspye,
Ther com the ferthe companye,
But certeyn they were wonder fewe,

And gonne stonden in a rewe,
And seyden: Certes, lady brighte,
We han don wel with al our mighte;
But we ne kepen have no fame.
Hyd our werkis and our name,
for Goddes love! for certes we
han certeyn doon hit for bountee,
And for no maner other thing.
I graunte yow al your asking,
Quod she; let your werk be deed.

WHICH that aboute I clew myn heed,
And saugh anon the fiftte route
That to this lady gonne loute,
And down on knees anon to falle;
And to hir tho besoughten alle
To hyde hir gode werkis eek,
And seyde, they even noght a leek
for fame, ne for swich renoun;
for they, for contemplacioun
And Goddes love, hadde ywrought;
Ne of fame wolde they nought.

WHAT? quod she, and be ye wood?
And wene ye for to do good,
And for to have of that no fame?
have ye dispyt to have my name?

Nay, ye shul liven everichoon!
Blow thy trumpe and that anon,
Quod she, thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring this folkes werk by note,
That al the world may of hit here.
And he gan blowe hir loos so clere
in his golden clarioun,
That through the world wente the soun,
So kenely, and eek so softe;
But atte laste hit was on/lofte.

WHOO com the sexte companye,
And gonne faste on fame crye.

Right verrailly, in this manere
They seyden: Mercy, lady dere!
To telle certein, as hit is,
We han don neither that ne this,
But ydel al our lyf ybe.
But, natheles, yit preyre we,
That we mowe han so good a fame,
And greet renoun and knowen name,
As they that han don noble gestes,
And acheved alle hir lestes,
As wel of love as other thing;
Al was us never broche ne ring,
Ne elles nought, from wimmen sent,
To make us only frendly chere,
But mighte temen us on bere;

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Yit lat us to the peple seme
Swiche as the world may of us deme,
That wimmen loven us for wood.
Hit shal don us as moche good,
And to our herte as moche availe
To countrepeise ese and travaile,
As we had wonne hit with labour;
for that is dere bough honour
At regard of our grete ese.

And yit thou most us more plesse;
Let us be holden eek, therto,
Worthy, wyse, and gode also,
And riche, and happy unto love.
for Goddes love, that sit above,
Though we may not the body have
Of wimmen, yet, so God yow save!
Let men glewe on us the name;
Suffyceth that we han the fame.

GRAUNTE, quod she, by my trouthe!

Now, Eolus, withouten slouth,
Tak out thy trumpe of gold, let see,
And blow as they han axed me,
That every man wene hem at ese,
Though they gon in ful badde lese.

THIS Eolus gan hit so blowe,
That through the world hit was yknowe.
WOO com the seventh route anon,
And fel on knees everichoon,
And seyde: Lady, graunte us sone
The same thing, the same bone,
That ye this nexte folk han doon.

Fy on yow, quod she, everichoon!
Ye masti swyn, ye ydel wrecches,
ful of roten slowe tecches!
What? false theves! wher ye wolde
Be famous good, and nothing nolde
Deserve why, ne never roughte?
Men rather yow tohangen oughte!
for ye be lyk the sweynthe cat,
That wolde have fish; but wostow what?
He wolde nothing wete his clowes.
Yvel thrift come on your jowes,
And eek on myn, if I hit graunte,
Or do yow favour, yow to avaunte!
Thou Eolus, thou king of Trace!
Go, blow this folk a sory grace,
Quod she, anon; and wostow how?
As I shal telle thee right now;

Sey: These ben they that wolde honour
have, and do noskinnes labour,
Ne do no good, and yit han laude;
And that men wende that bele Isaude
Ne coude hem noght of love werne;
And yit she that grint at a querne
Is al to good to ese hir herte.

THIS Eolus anon up sterte,
And with his blakke clarioun
He gan to blasen out a soun,
As loude as belweth wind in helle.
And eek therwith, the sooth to telle,
This soun was al so ful of japes,
As ever mowes were in apes.
And that wente al the world aboute,

The Hous
of fame.
Liber III.